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No. 31.

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.

BY SADIE BEATTY.

How dark the shadows grow, darling,
All faintly comes my breath;
All faintly comes my soul and know
The mystery of death;
In vain you strive to hold me here,
To keep me ever nigh.
The wings of Azrael hover near,
And we must say good-bye.

But this is not the first, darling,
We've said good-bye before,
And tears of sorrow seemed to burst
Upon our hearts before;
Yet still we hoped to meet again,
Renew each earthly tie.
Dear love, it is not now as then,
This is the last good-bye.

It is a sacred word, darling,
All other words above,
And from our lips it never was heard
Save by the ones we love;
Always will serve this world of show,
For soon their tears they dry,
Tis only when the dear ones go
We care to say good-bye.

We're drifting far apart, darling,
And when we meet again
'Twill be to join with tongue and heart
The star of peace beams from the shore.
Where I am drawing nigh,
Then, darling, kiss me and once more,
And take the last good-bye!

EAST LYNN:

O.R.

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER I.

THE LADY ISABEL.

In an early-chair of the spacious and hand-some library of Billingsgate, sat William, Earl of Mount Severn. His hair was gray—the smoothness of his expansive brow was defaced by premature wrinkles, and his once attractive face bore the pale, unmis-
takable look of dissipation. One of his feet was encased in folds of linen, as it rested on a soft velvet ottoman, speaking of gout as plainly as any foot ever spoke yet. It would seem—to look at the man as he sat there—that he had grown old before his time. And so he had. His years were barely nine-and-forty, yet, in all, save years, he was an aged man.

A noted character had been the Earl of Mount Severn. Not that he had been a renowned politician or a great general, or an eminent statesman, or even an active member in the Upper House; not for any of these had the earl's name been in the mouths of men. But for the most reckless among the reckless, for the spendthrift among spendthrifts, for the gamblers above all gamblers, and for a gay man outstripping the gay—by these characteristics did the world know Lord Mount Severn. It was said his faults were those of his head; that a better heart or more generous spirit never beat in human form; and there was much truth in this. It had been well for him had he lived and died plain William Vane. Up to his five-and-twentieth year, he had been indolent and steady, had kept his terms in the Temple, and studied late and early. The sober application of William Vane had been a by-word with the embryo barristers around; Judge Vane, they ironically called him; and they strove ineffectually to allure him away to idleness and pleasure. But young Vane was ambitious, and he knew that on his own talents and exertions must depend his rising in the world. He was of excellent family, poor, counting a relative in the old Earl of Mount Severn. The possibility of his succeeding to the earldom never occurred to him, for three healthy lives, two of them young, stood between him and the title. Yet those have died off; one of apoplexy, one of fever, in Africa, the third boating in Oxford; and the young Temple student, William Vane, suddenly found himself Earl of Mount Severn, and the lawful possessor of sixty thousand pounds a year.

His first idea was, that he should never be able to spend the money; that such a sum, year by year, could not be spent. It was a wonder his head was not turned by adulation at the onset, for he was courted, flattered, and caressed by all classes, from a royal duke downward. He became the most attractive man of his day, the lion in society; for independent of his newly-acquired wealth and title, he was of distinguished appearance and fascinating manners. But, unfortunately, the prudence which had sustained William Vane, the poor law student, in his solitary Temple chambers, entirely forsook William Vane, the young Earl of Mount Severn, and he commenced his career on a scale of speed so great, that all staid people knew he was going to ruin and the debtors' hedgehog.

But a peer of the realm, and one whose rent-roll is sixty thousand pounds per annum, does not go to ruin in a day. There sat the earl, in his library now, in his nine-and-forty-year, and rain had not come yet—that is, it had not overwhelmed him. But the embarrassments which had clung to him, and been the destruction of his tranquility, the bane of his existence, who shall describe them? The public knew them pretty well; his private friends better, his creditors best; but none, save himself knew, or could ever know, the worrying torment that was his portion, well-nigh driving him to distraction. Years ago, by dint of looking things steadily in the face, and by economizing, he might have re-



AUBREY MEETS THE INDIAN ANTONIO IN THE FOREST.

[Illustration by Winslow Homer.]

trieved his position; but he had done what most people will do in such cases—put off the evil day, and gone on increasing his enormous list of debts. The hour of exposure and ruin was now advancing fast.

Perhaps the earl himself was thinking so, as he sat there before an enormous mass of papers which strewed the library table. His thoughts were back in the past. That was a foolish match of his past. Greta Green match for love, foolish so far as prudence went; but the countess had been an affectionate wife to him, had borne with his follies and his neglect, had been an admirable mother to their only child. One child alone had been theirs, and in her thirteenth year the countess had died. If they had but been blessed with a son—the earl groaned over the long-continued disappointment still—he might then have seen a way out of his difficulties. The boy, as soon as he was of age, would have joined with him in cutting off the entail, and—

"My lord," said a servant, entering the room and interrupting the earl's castles in the air, "a gentleman is asking to see you."

"Who?" cried the earl, sharply, not perceiving the card the man was bringing. "You!" laughed the earl. "Egad! law-yer can't be such bad work, Carlyle."

"Nor is it," rejoined Mr. Carlyle, "with an extensive first-class connection, such as ours. But you must remember that a good fortune was left me by my uncle, and a large one by my father."

"I know. The proceeds of lawyering also."

"Not altogether. My mother brought a fortune on her marriage, and it enabled her will, reader, for he will play his part in this history. He was a very tall man, of seven-and-twenty, of remarkably noble presence. He was somewhat given to stooping his head when he spoke to any one shorter than himself; it was a peculiar habit, almost to be called a bowing habit, and his father had possessed it before him; when told of it, he would laugh, and say he was unconscious of doing it. His features were good, his complexion was pale and clear, his hair dark, and his full eyelids drooped over his deep gray eyes. Altogether, it was a countenance that both men and women liked to look upon—the index of an honorable, sincere nature—not that it would have been called a handsome face, so much as a pleasing and distinguished one. Though but the son of a country lawyer, and destined to be a lawyer himself, he had received the training of a gentleman, had been educated at Eton, and taken his degree at Oxford. He advanced at once to the earl, in the straightforward way of a man of business of a man who has come on business."

"Mr. Carlyle," said the latter, holding out his hand—he was always deemed the most affable peer of the age, "I am happy to see you. You perceive I cannot rise, at least without great pain and inconvenience; my enemy, the gout, has possessed me again. Take a seat. Are you staying in town?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Carlyle.

"I would as soon you bought it as any one else, if, as you say, we can agree about terms."

"What does your lordship expect for it—at a rough estimate?"

"For particulars I must refer you to my men of business, Warburton and Ware. Not less than seventy thousand pounds."

"Too much, my lord," cried Mr. Carlyle, decisively.

"And that's not its value," returned the earl.

Mr. Carlyle drew his chair nearer to the earl, and spoke in a low tone—

"These forced sales never do fetch their value," answered the plain-speaking lawyer.

"Until this hint was given me, my lord,

that East Lynne was in the market,

"A moment, sir," exclaimed the earl,

"These forced sales never do fetch their value," answered the plain-speaking lawyer.

"A rumor came to my ears, my lord,

that East Lynne was in the market,

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"I don't know how much to put in," grumbled Mrs. Vane, who had the greatest horror of soiling her hands or her gloves; who, in short, had a particular antipathy to doing anything useful.

"She makes it, dear Mrs. Levison?" said Isabel, rising with alacrity. "I used to make it quite as often, as my governess at Mount Severn, and I make it for papa."

"Do, child," replied the old lady. "You are worth ten of her."

Isabel laughed merrily, drew off her gloves, and sat down to the table; and at that moment a young and elegant man lounged into the room. He was deemed handsome, with his clearly-cut features, his dark eyes, his raven hair, and his white teeth; but to a keen observer those features had not an attractive expression, and the dark eyes had a great knock of looking away while he spoke to you. It was Francis, Captain Levison.

He was grandson to the old lady, and first cousin to Mrs. Vane. Few men were so fascinating in manners (at times and seasons), in face and in form, few men won so completely upon their hearers' ears, and few were so heard in their heart of hearts. The world courted him, and society honored him; for though he was a graceless spendthrift, and it was known that he was, he was the presumptive heir to the old and rich Sir Peter Levison.

The ancient lady spoke up. "Captain Levison, Lady Isabel Vane. They both acknowledged the introduction, and Isabel, a child yet in the ways of the world, blushed crimson at the admiring looks cast upon her by the young gentleman.

Strange—strange that she should make the acquaintance of those two men in the same day, almost in the same hour, the two, of all the human race, who were to exercise so powerful an influence over her future life!

"That's a pretty cross, child," cried Mrs. Levison, as Isabel stood by when tea was over, and she and Mrs. Vane were about to depart on their evening visit.

She alluded to a golden cross, set with seven emeralds, which Isabel wore on her neck. It was of light, delicate texture, and was suspended from a thin, short gold chain.

"Is it not pretty?" answered Isabel.

"It was given me by my dear mamma just before she died. Stay, I will take it off for you. I only wear it upon great occasions."

This, her first grand party at a grand ducal, seemed a very great occasion to the simply reared and inexperienced girl. She unclasped the chain, and placed it with the cross in the hands of Mrs. Levison.

"Why, I declare you have nothing on but that cross and some rubishising pearl bracelets!" uttered Mrs. Vane to Isabel.

"I did not look at you before."

Mamma gave me both. The bracelets are those she used frequently to wear."

"Old-fashioned child! Because your mamma wore those bracelets, years ago, is that reason for your doing so?" retorted Mrs. Vane. "Why did you not put on your diamonds?"

"I did—put on my diamonds; but I took them off again," stammered Isabel.

"What on earth?"

"I did not like to look too fine," answered Isabel, with a laugh and a blush.

"They glittered so! I feared it might be thought I had put them on to look fine."

"Ah! I see you mean to set up in or name—scornfully remarked Mrs. Vane.

"It is the refinement of affection, Lady Isabel."

The sneer fell harmlessly on Isabel's ear. She only believed something had put Mrs. Vane out of temper. It certainly had; and that something, though Isabel little suspected it, was the evident admiration Captain Levison evinced for her fresh, young beauty; it quite absorbed him, and rendered him neglectful even of Mrs. Vane.

"Here child, take your cross," said the old lady. "It is very pretty; prettier on your neck than diamonds would be. You don't want embellishing, never mind what Emma says."

Francis Levison took the cross and the chain from her hand to pass them to Lady Isabel. Whether he was awkward, or whether her hands were full, for she held her gloves, her handkerchief; and had just taken up her mantle, certain it is, that it fell, and the gentleman, in his too quick effort to regain it, managed to set his foot upon it, and the cross was broken in two.

"There! Now whose fault was that?" cried Mrs. Levison.

Isabel did not answer; her heart was very full. She took the broken cross, and the tears dropped from her eyes; she could not help them.

"Why you are never crying over a stupid bangle of a cross!" uttered Mrs. Vane, interrupting Captain Levison's expression of regret at his awkwardness.

"You can have it mended, dear," interposed Mrs. Levison.

Lady Isabel shed away the tears, and turned to Captain Levison with a cheerful look.

"Pray do not blame yourself, she good naturedly said; 'the fault was as much mine as yours, and, as Mrs. Levi son says, I can get it mended.'

She disengaged the upper part of the cross from the chain as she spoke, and clasped the latter round her neck.

"You will not go with that thin string of gold on, and nothing else!" uttered Mrs. Vane.

"Why not?" returned Isabel. "If people say anything, I can tell them an accident happened to the cross."

Mrs. Vane burst into a laugh of mocking ridicule. "If people say anything!" she repeated, in a tone according with the laugh. "They are not likely to say anything, but they will deem Lord Mount Severn's daughter unfortunately short of jewelry."

Isabel smiled, and shook her head. "They saw my diamonds at the drawing room."

"If you had done such an awkward thing for me, Francis Levison," burst forth the old lady, "my doors should have been closed against you for a month. There, if you are to go, Emma you had better go, dancing off to begin an evening at ten o'clock at night! In my time we used to go at seven, but it's the custom now to turn right into day."

When George the Third dined at one o'clock on boiled mutton and turnips," put in the graceless captain, who certainly held his grandmother in no more reverence than did Mrs. Vane.

He turned to Isabel as he spoke, to hand her down stairs. Then she was conducted to her carriage the second time that night by a stranger. Mrs. Vane got down by herself, as she best could, and her temper was not improved by the process.

"Good-night," said she to the captain.

"I shall not say good night. You will find me there almost as soon as you."

"You told me you were not coming. Some bachelor's party in the way."

"Yes, but I have changed my mind. Farewell for the present, Lady Isabel."

"What an object you will look, with nothing on your back but a schoolgirl's chain!" began Mrs. Vane, returning to the carriage, as the carriage drove on.

"Oh, Mrs. Vane, what does it signify? I can only think of my broken cross. I am sure it must be an evil omen."

"An evil—what?"

"An evil omen. Mamma gave me that cross when she was dying. She told me to let it be to me as a talisman, always to keep it safely; and when I was in any distress, or in need of counsel, to look at it and strive to recall what her advice would be, and to act accordingly. And now it is broken—broken."

A glaring gas light flashed into the carriage, right into the face of Isabel. "I declare," uttered Mrs. Vane, "you are crying again! I tell you what it is, Isabel, I am not going to chaperon red eyes to the Duchess of Dartford's, so if you can't put a stop to this, I shall order the carriage home, and go on alone."

Isabel dried her eyes, sighing deeply as she did so. "I can have the pieces joined, I dare say; but it will never be the same cross to me again."

"What have you done with the pieces?"

I folded them in the thin paper Mrs. Levison gave me, and put it inside my frock. Here it is, touching the body. "I have no pocket on."

Mrs. Vane gave vent to a groan. She never had been a girl herself—she had been a woman at ten, and she complimented Isabel upon being little better than an infant. "Put it inside my frock!" she uttered, in a torrent of scorn.

"I am so thirsty!" murmured the poor invalid. "Do go and look at the clock again, Barbara."

Barbara sank back in her chair, and hid her face in her hands, shivering violently. The words evidently awoke some poignant source of deep sorrow. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" she wailed—"my boy: unhappy boy!" Mrs. Vane wonders at my ill health, Archibald; Barbara ridicules it; but there lies the source of all my misery, mental and bodily. Oh, Richard! Richard!"

Mr. Carlyle glanced round the room, as if fearful the very walls might hear his whisper. "Richard's. Barbara showed it me one day when she was turning out her desk, and said it was a curl taken off in that illness."

Mrs. Vane sank back in her chair, and hid her face in her hands, shivering violently. The words evidently awoke some poignant source of deep sorrow. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" she wailed—"my boy: unhappy boy!" Mrs. Vane wonders at my ill health, Archibald; Barbara ridicules it; but there lies the source of all my misery, mental and bodily. Oh, Richard! Richard!"

There was a distressing pause, for the topic admitted of neither hope nor consolation. "Put your chain on again, Barbara," Mr. Carlyle said, after a while, "and I wish you to wear it out. Health and reformation, young lady!"

Barbara smiled, and glanced at him with her pretty blue eyes, so full of love. "What have you brought for Cornelius?" she said.

"Something splendid," he answered, with a mock serious face; "only I hope I have not been taken in. I bought her a shawl. The vendors vowed it was true Parisian cashmere. I gave eighteen guineas for it."

"That is a great deal," observed Mrs. Vane.

"It ought to be a very good one. I never gave more than six guineas for a shawl in all my life."

"And Cornelius, I dare say, never more than half six," laughed Mr. Carlyle. "Well, I shall wish you good evening, and go to her; for if she is ill, I am back all this while, I shall be lectured."

He shook hands with them both. Barbara, however, accompanied him to the front door, and stepped outside with him.

"You will catch cold, Barbara. You have left your shawl in doors."

"Oh, no, I shall not. How very soon you are leaving; you have scarcely stayed ten minutes."

"But you forget I have not been home."

"You were on your road to Beauchamp's, and would not have been home for an hour or two in that case," spoke Barbara, in a tone that savored of resentment.

"That was different; that was upon business. But, Barbara, I think your mother looks unusually ill."

"You know how she suffers a little thing to upset her; and last night she had what she calls one of her dreams," answered Barbara.

"She says it is a warning that something bad is going to happen, and she has been in the most unhappy, feverish state possible all day. Papa has been quite angry over her being so weak and nervous, declaring that she ought to rouse herself out of her 'nerves.' Of course we dare not tell him about the dream."

"It related to—the—"

Mr. Carlyle stopped, and Barbara glanced round with a shudder, and drew closer to him as she whispered. He had not given her his arm at that time.

"Barbara," he said, "I am afraid he has come to you."

"He is here?"

"Lady Isabel Vane."

"Much obliged for the suggestion," replied the earl. "But one likes a respectable father-in-law, and Mount Severn had first brought her home to that house, four and twenty years ago, she had never dared to express a will in it; scarcely, on her own responsibility, to give an order. Justice Hare was stern, imperious, obstinate, and conceited. She had loved him with all her heart, and her life had been one long yielding of her will to his; in fact, she had no will; his was all in all. Far was she from feeling the servitude a yoke; some natures do not; and, to do Mr. Hare justice, his powerful will, that must bear down all before it, was in fault; not his kindness; he never meant to be unkind to his wife. Of his three children, Barbara alone had inherited this will."

"Barbara," began Mrs. Hare again, when she thought another quarter of an hour at least must have elapsed.

"Well, mamma?"

"King, and tell them to be getting it in readiness, so that when seven strikes there may be no delay."

"Goodness, mamma! you know they do always have it ready. And there's no such hurry, for papa may not be home."

Barbara rose, and rang the bell with a pistol motion, and when the man answered it, told him to have tea in to its time.

"If you know, dear, how dry my throat is, how parched my mouth, you would have more patience with me."

Barbara closed her book with a listless air, and turned listlessly to the window. She seemed tired, not with fatigue, but with what the French express by the word ennui. "Here comes papa," she presently said.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried poor Mrs. Hare. "Perhaps he will not mind having the tea in at once, if I tell him how thirsty I am."

The justice came in. A middle-sized man, with pomposus features, a pomposus walk, and a baxen wig. In his aquiline nose, compressed lips, and pointed chin, might be traced a resemblance to his daughter; though he never could have been half so good-looking as was pretty Barbara.

"Richard," spoke up Mrs. Hare, from between her shawls, the instant he opened the door.

"Well?"

"Would you please let me have tea in now? Would you very much mind taking it a little earlier this evening? I am feverish again, and my tongue is so parched I don't know how to speak."

"Oh, it's near seven; you won't have long to wait."

With this exceedingly gracious answer to an invalid's request, Mr. Hare quitted the room again, and banged the door. He had not spoken unkindly or roughly, simply with indifference. But ere Mrs. Hare's meek sigh of disappointment was over, the door was reopened, and the flaxen wig thrust in again.

"I don't mind if I do have it now. It will be a fine moonlight night, and I am going with Pinner as far as Beauchamp's to smoke a pipe. Order it in, Barbara."

They were approaching at that moment, Francis Levison and Lady Isabel.

"The tea was made, and partaken of, and the justice departed for Mr. Beauchamp's. Squire Pinner calling for him at the gate. Mr. Beauchamp was a gentleman who farmed a great deal of land, and who was also Lord Mount Severn's agent, or steward for East Lynne. He lived higher up the road, some little distance beyond East Lynne.

"Who's to know?" Levison slipped out of the escapade like an eel, and the women protested he was more sinning against than sinning. Three-fourths of the world believed them.

"And she went abroad and died; and Mount—here he comes!"

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"Just as much as my new race-horse has," concluded the earl. "She is very beautiful."

"Take care, take care, my young Lady Isabel," murmured the Oxonian under his breath, as they passed him, "that man is as false as he is high."

"I think he is a rascal," remarked the earl.

"I know he is. I know a thing or two about him. He would ruin her heart for the renown of the exploit, because she's a beauty, and then fling it away broken. He has none to give in return for the gift."

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CHAPTER III.

BARBARA HARE.

West Lynne was a town of some importance, particularly in its own eyes, though being neither a manufacturing one nor a cathedral one, nor even the chief town of the county, it was somewhat primitive in its manners and customs. Passing out at the town, toward the east, you came upon several gentlemen's houses, in the vicinity of which stood the church of St. Jude, which was more aristocratic in the matter of its congregation than the other churches of West Lynne. For about a mile these houses were scattered, the church being situated at their commencement, close to the busy part of the place, and about a mile further on you came upon the beautiful estate which was called East Lynne.

Between the gentlemen's houses mentioned and East Lynne, the miles of road was very solitary, being much overshadowed by trees. One house alone stood there, and that was about three-quarters of a mile before you came to East Lynne. It was on the left-hand side, a square, ugly, red brick house with a weather cock on the top, standing some little distance from the road. A fal lawn extended before it, and close to the palings, which divided it from the road, was a grove of trees, some yards in depth.

The faint echo of footsteps in the distance stole upon her ear, and Barbara drew a little back, and hid herself under shelter of the trees, not choosing to be seen by any stray passer-by. But, as they drew near, a sudden change came over her; her eyes lighted up, her cheeks were dyed with crimson, and her veins tingled with excess of rapture—for she knew those footsteps, and loved them, only too well.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE DOOMED SHIP.

"Seen a deal of rough weather in my time, sir? Yes, that I have; what with being cast away twice, and burnt out of the Cape. I've had my share of it, sir. But there's worse than either storm or fire, ay, a deal worse."

"What's that?" I asked of my bronzed, weather-beaten friend, a boatman at a favorite bathing-place.

"Being speculated on, sir! That's the word for it. It's a long one; but it's the right word for all that; sold for money, as if we were sheep or oxen." Something moved the old man deeply as he uttered the last few words; his body sat come down on the thwart of the boat as if it were the frail timbers.

"You may well look surprised, sir," added he, recovering his usual placid look; "I ain't myself when I talk of it. I feel a kind of murderous hatred of the villains who it all comes after my mind. Maybe you'd like to hear the yarn, sir?"

"Very much indeed," I replied, my curiosity excited by the vehemence of the old tar.

Having turned his quid of tobacco over in his capacious mouth, he began as follows:—

"It's some years ago now since I was looking out for a ship up in the north; freights were very low, and shipping business dull, so that there was a number of hands about the port, and do what I might, I could not get a berth. My money was pretty nigh all gone, for I'd been ashore a month, and Jack and his money soon part, what with land-sharks of one sort and another, male and female—I don't know which is the worse of the two—so now, I must go to sea again, or sell my kit, and tramp off to London. Well, I was down upon my luck in this way, when one morning, as I was sauntering down to the docks, to have a look round the shipping, a man, who had been walking behind me for some little time, edged up alongside.

"Looking out for a ship, my lad?" says he, in a bluff, hearty kind of way,

"Yes, sir, says I.

"I thought you might be!" says he, casting a side-glance at me with his small gray eyes.

"Yes, I am," says I.

"Well, I can put you in the way of a nice snug berth, my lad. I suppose you wouldn't object to a trip to South America."

"It didn't much matter to me where I was bound, but somehow the fellow's figure-head didn't please me, so I answered rather short: 'If you mean the James Wilson, she's filled up.'

"You're wrong, my lad; the vessel I am speaking of is at Cardiff; and if you'd like a berth in her, perhaps I could manage it. However, there's no harm done; you don't seem to care about it, so there's an end of it." So saying, he wished me good-morning, and dropped astern.

"Well, thinks I to myself, if this chap meant mischief, he would not be so ready to sheer off; one place is as good as another to me, and maybe I'm losing a chance that won't come again in a hurry. So I turned round as he was crossing the road, and calls out to him, 'Hello there, mister!'

"The man took no notice; so I ran after him till I came alongside.

"Well, my lad," says he sharply, "what's in the wind?"

"I was thinking about what you said just now; and if so all's square—"

"All square! What do you mean? Confound it, man, do you take me for a crimp?" says he.

"No, sir," says I, taken quite aback.

"Well, then, what do you mean by all square? Come, out with it! I've no time to waste with you. There's plenty of hands up yonder that will jump at such an offer."

"Well, sir," says I, recovering myself a bit. "What's the name of the craft?"

"The Maid of Orleans. But what does it matter to you? It ain't all square, you know!"

"So saying, he made as if he'd shore off, and I wish'd let him go! But I felt vexed with myself for having doubted the man; my money would not last much longer; I was tired of a shore-life, and what a fool I must be, I thought, to throw away such a berth as he had offered.

"Come, sir," says I, following him up, "you needn't take offence at what I said. If you want a man, I'll willing."

"He did not seem best pleased, though, for he stood hesitating a minute before he answered. However, at length he says: 'You'll have to go down by to-night's train. Perhaps your kit isn't ready?'

"Never fear, sir; it doesn't matter to me whether I start to-night or wait a week."

"Well and good. Then you'd better off, and get your kit in order, and I'll meet you at the station at six o'clock. Mind you're there sharp!"

"Never fear, sir, says I; and so we parted.

"Well, sir, somehow or other, though the fellow was civil enough, I didn't feel altogether easy in my mind; but there was nothing left for it now but to go through with it; so I packed up my kit, bought a few odds and ends, and, toward dusk, made my way down to the station. There was an hour to spare before the train started; so I crossed the road to a public house, to have a glass of grog, and sat myself down in a snug corner, whilst I sipped my rum and water. The room was partitioned off with bulkheads, and there was not a soul there when I entered. By and by two men came in, and sat themselves down in the next partition to mine, and I heard them talking together for some time without taking any particular notice. Presently, I thought I heard the name of the craft I'd shipped in, Maid of Orleans, and I pricked up my ears, you may be sure. I kept so quiet, that the fellows, I suppose, fancied they had the room to themselves.

"Bless your soul, man," says one of them, "it's a safe venture: never fear. Eight thousand pounds: that's the amount!"

"You're a smart fellow, and no mistake. Poor beggars!"

"Hold your tongue! I hate such cant. Who goes halves, eh? Tell me that?"

"Well, don't fire up so, man; surely there's no harm in pitying them, if we are obliged to give them a dose of salt water. Ha, ha!"

"That's talking like a man of sense. Eight thousand pounds clear profit! I tell you, Harry, it's as safe as the Bank of England. She'll never do it!"

"Light air, and calms, you know, Johny, eh? How about our venture, then?"

"Confound it, man, you're a regular kill-joy. A capful of wind is more than enough! She's like a sieve; once out to sea, she'll sop up water like a sponge."

"Suppose they take to the boats; what then?"

"Well, what if they do? They weren't built yesterday. The old Heindeer's children are as old as herself, ay, and as rotten!"

"He laughed a low mocking laugh, as he spoke, that sent a chill through my very marrow. I had heard of ships being sent to sea to be lost; but hitherto it had been my good luck to sail in first-class craft, and I need to put down such tales as forecastle yarns, invented by Jack out of spite to his owners. I was off the scent, however, and must have been mistaken in my fancy that I had heard them mention the Maid of Orleans, though I had some dim notion that I ought to collar the two ruffians and call the police; but then, perhaps, I had not understood the nature of the business, though it seemed plain enough too; and whilst I was debating in my mind how to act, the fellows got up, and walked out of the place. I started up, as to get a look at them; but it was too dark to make them out; so I went back to finish my grog, and to turn over in my mind what I'd heard. One thing was clear enough, and that was, that the doomed ship, the Reindeer, and a thought struck me that I might get something about her out of the Shipping Gazette. There was, sure enough; a large clipper ship, advertised to sail in a week's time, class A1 at Lloyd's, owners Huddley & Company. I'm rather out of my reckoning there, says to myself. That's a firm that never sent an unseaworthy ship to sea, and never will. Maybe, after all, those fellows were making game of me, saw poor Jack sitting there, and took a rise out of him. The clock struck the quarter, so I paid my score, and made all sail for the station. The man was there, looking so cheery and jolly that I scarcely knew him again.

"I was afraid you were going to give me the slip, my hearty," says he, laughing. "Here's your ticket. I'm sorry I can't go with you; but I've telegraphed for some one to meet you at the station, so you'll be well looked after."

"I liked his jokes less than his sneers, so I didn't say anything, but bundled into the train.

"Good-bye, my hearty," says he, shaking me by the hand. "A pleasant voyage, and a quick return!"

"If ever I took a dislike against anyone, I did then. The man's face changed long after the train had left the station; but being given to brooding, and having no cause to doubt his good faith, I got rid of my avails, and lay back dreaming of a certain brown-eyed Polly who had promised to wait for poor Jack Robins till something turned up.

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THE MANIAC.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I saw them sitting in the shade;
The long green vines hung over,
But could not hide the gold-haired maid
And Earl—my blue-eyed lover.
His arm was clasped so close, so close,
Her eyes were closed, her lips were pale,
With which she drank the elixir of rose,
And breast like snow-flakes drifted.

A strange noise sounded in my brain :
It seemed unhidden.
I stoo—stoo—stoo—but came again.
I stood behind them; close they kissed
While eye to eye I spied—spied.
I stood behind them, and other missed
The heart I sent it seeking.

There were two death-shocks, mingled so
It seemed like one voice crying.
I laughed. It was such bliss, you know,
To hear, and see them dying.
I laughed, and shouted, while I stood
Above the river-side.
I stood by the little rill of blood,
And in the eyes fast glazing.

It was such joy to see the rose,
The rose of life forever;
To know the lips he kissed so close
Could never suffer—never.
To see his arm grow stiff and cold,
And know it could not fold her;
To know that while the heart grew old,
His eyes could not behold her.

A crowd of people thronged about,
Held back by fear, by awe,
I gave one last triumphant shout—
And darkness followed after.
That was a thousand years ago—
Each time I live it over,
For here, just out of sight, you know,
She lies, with Earl, my lover.

They lie there, staring sleepily,
With eyes glazed over, and lost me.
Will no one bury them down low,
Where they shall cease to haunt me?
He kissed her lips, not mine. The flowers
And vines hung all around them.
Sometimes I sit and laugh for hours,
To think just how I found them.

And then sometimes I stand and shrik
In agony of terror;
This is the warmth in her cheek—
Then laugh loud at my error.
My check was all too pale, he thought;
He deemed her for the brightest;
It is not my dagger touched a spot
That made her check turn white.

THE SEA OF FIRE;

OR,

ON THE BRINK OF A PRECIPICE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

CHAPTER V.

AT DAY.

With lightning-like swiftness, the full horror of the situation burst on Aubrey De Lancy's mind. Unarmed, burdened with a fainting girl, before him the fierce beast preparing to spring, and behind him Ross Burleigh's Tapuyas searching for their prey.

Between these alternatives what choice was left to him?

An instant's hesitation would be fatal. He did not lose that instant, but seizing Inez in his arms, turned quickly, and rushed through the tangled screen that hid the den from view.

A stifled groan fell upon his ears. Was the jaguar following him? He dared not look back. He exerted his full strength; and a man never knows his full strength until he needs it in some time of overwhelming danger. The ground seemed to fly beneath his feet. He scarcely felt the weight of the senseless form in his arms. But this desperate rate of speed could not be kept up long. Aubrey's pace slackened. His breath came short—he panted. He was compelled to halt. At bay, he turned, resolving that if the jaguar were on his track to face the terrible animal, and without weapons as he was, to defend Inez to the death.

Placing his hand to his ear, he bent forward in the direction from whence he had come, and listened. Measured steps, light and almost noiseless, were approaching; but they were not the steps of the jaguar. Aubrey knew that at once. They were the steps of the pursuing Indians.

Aubrey tried to bring all the facilities of his mind to bear upon the danger that threatened him. To attempt flight would be useless, wearied as he was. Dusk was beginning to fall; but there was no hope of stealing away in the gloom, for the slightest movement on his part could not fail to be heard by the trained ears of the Tapuyas.

Should he stand there idle, and see the Indians tear from him the girl who had been thrown on his protection? Never!

He would have given words for the revolver he had thoughtlessly left in his room at home. Around him there was nothing that he could use as a means of defence.

The steps came nearer. A light flashing among the trees told him that the Tapuyas were nailing a torch. Near him stood a tree—the top of which had either been struck by lightning or fallen under the accumulated weight of its parasites, for one bough alone remained, sticking out horizontally. From this bough, as from every other in a tropical forest, masses of vines and tough spongy hung. Using these sponges as a ladder, Aubrey climbed upon the bough. It was hard work, as he had to support Inez in his ascent, but at last it was accomplished. The limb was scarcely strong enough to bear them; it shook and bent beneath their weight.

Aubrey did not notice this. His whole attention was fixed on the approaching light. He could dimly see the dark figures of three Tapuyas. They were steadily advancing on his trail.

Aubrey supported Inez with his right hand, and with his left firmly grasped the creaking bough. Inez uttered a faint cry of affright, and endeavored to disengage herself from her protector.

"Who are you? Where am I?" she asked, as she became conscious of her strange position.

"Do not move, señorita, I implore," whispered Aubrey, "your safety depends on silence."

His voice seemed to reassure her, for she ceased to struggle, and turned her bewilbered gaze in the direction of the advancing Tapuyas. Perhaps their appearance recalled the cause of her swoon, for she covered her face with her hands, and shuddered.

In a few moments the Tapuyas were beneath the tree. Aubrey held his breath, and leaned forward eagerly. Inez now seemed to understand the necessity for silence, for she spoke no word nor made the slightest movement.

Two of the Tapuyas knelt down to examine the trace of Aubrey's footsteps, while the other held the torch. If they should go on for some distance, there would be a chance of escape. Aubrey saw his own rifle in the hands of one of the Tapuyas. The fellow had doubtless found it where its owner had been forced to drop it in his flight. Suspense seemed to arrest the beating of Aubrey's heart.

"He is hidden here somewhere," said one of the Indians, straightening himself up.

"You are wrong, Juan," returned an-

other, in a guttural voice. "He has been here, but he has retraced his steps."

Juan shrugged his shoulders.

"I have eyes, Vincento."

"They are blind, then," responded Vincento. "Where are the steps of the maiden?"

"She is light. She did not walk. They are hidden here."

"Let us go on further," said the torch-bearer. "We may find the trail again. A man cannot walk into the trunk of a tree."

"But a man can climb."

Aubrey prepared to grasp the throat of the first Indian who should attempt to ascend the tree.

"He will kill me first, monster!"

"The Tapuyas have finished him," said Laura Burleigh, indifferently. "Don't waste your time, Ross; there are people on our trail."

And Vincento pointed out one or two foot-marks, which Aubrey in his perplexity had unconsciously retraced.

"I am no fool. I have spoken," said Juan, indifferently.

"Time passed," said the torch-bearer. "Let Juan search. He may find the hiding-place."

Juan was like a panther and lightly clad. Aubrey's rifle, swung by its strap across his back, was the only weighty object he carried. With two elastic bounds, he seized hold of the bough on which Aubrey and Inez crouched. Inez now clinging with both hands to the branch. In consequence of this, Aubrey's hands were free.

As soon as the Indian's head had reached above the level of the bough, Aubrey grasped him by the throat. The Indian made vigorous endeavors to maintain his foothold among the twisted sponges; Aubrey with all his strength tried to force him down. The bough cracked with the violence of the struggle.

The Indian uttered a wild yell. Aubrey tightened the grasp upon his throat. The bough cracked—wavered—broke. The combatants descended swiftly through the air, and struck the earth—the Indian being undermost.

Aubrey sprang to his feet. The contact with mother earth appeared to renew his vigor. Before the prostrate Juan could rise, Aubrey had torn the rifle from him.

When the bough broke Inez had uttered an involuntary cry; but as she had clung tightly to the sponges that enwrapped the unbroken part of the branch nearest the trunk, she had slid down gradually to the ground, and her fall had been gentle. She now stood on the huge projecting root of the tree, frightened and shocked, but not injured.

Aubrey placed himself before her, and faced the Tapuyas, who were raising their fallen comrade. Aubrey had perhaps never felt such a thrill of confident hope before in his life, as when he felt the weight of that rifle resting on his arm. The Indians were armed with machetes, but possessed no guns.

"Courage, señorita," Aubrey said to the drooping figure behind him; and then to the Indians: "Now, what do you want?"

"The señorita de Vasto," replied Juan, who at this time had been restored to a perpendicular position.

"Your demand is exceedingly modest," said Aubrey. "Is she a slave that she should be given up to you, Tapuya?"

"We are obeying our master, Señor Burleigh," said Vincento.

"Well, go and tell him that I prevented you. Tell him, too, from me, that he is an assassin—a base scoundrel. Let him appear in Para, and he shall receive the punishment of his crimes. Go! I will restore this young lady to her father."

There was a pause. The Indians seemed astonished by this audacious speech, proceeding, as it did, from a man who was in the minority of one to three.

"We must have the girl," said Juan.

"Take her."

Aubrey spoke coolly, preparing to blow out the brains of the first Tapuya who should approach him.

The Indians simultaneously drew out their knives.

"Think a moment before you come near, Tapuya. Another inch, and one of you is a dead man!"

The Indians hesitated. Steps were heard among the underbrush. Aubrey strained his sense of hearing to listen. Was it help for him? When he had followed Laura Burleigh into the forest, and lost sight of her, he had returned home for his rifle, and sent Miguel, with three other servants, to aid him in his pursuit. He hoped that the approaching footsteps might be theirs.

He was doomed to disappointment. Out of the gloom of the forest came Ross Burleigh and his sister, attended by a Tapuya, carrying a torch. Burleigh was very pale; his head was bound with a blood stained handkerchief. Aubrey's blow had not been without effect.

"Ha! At bay, De Lancy?" cried Burleigh, a steely smile contorting his white face.

"To hear my name uttered by your base lips," cried Aubrey, "is the greatest vengeance you can take upon me."

"We shall see. You'll not attempt to hide under the knives of my Tapuyas. Seize the girl, Juan!"

"He has a rifle, señor," was Juan's laconic reply.

"Curse your cowardice!" cried Burleigh.

"I'll do it myself."

"Back!" cried Aubrey. "Back, I say! I have servants in the forest."

The Indian looked around as if seeking for something. He found what he wanted. It was a spongy with a thin stem that covered a stunted palm. Antonio cut a long piece of the vine, and macerating it as well as he could between a hand, projecting root and a stone, he applied it to Aubrey's wound.

A veritable fury!" said Burleigh, admiringly.

"An Amazonian Niobe," commented the late governess. "You'd better take warning in time. Your wife in future has a temper."

"I have been accustomed to yours," retorted her brother, "and in comparison with that, this little witch's anger is sunshiny to storm."

Exhasted by the violence of her indignation, Inez was silent awhile.

"Laura," said Inez, "I cannot believe that you have betrayed me. This is a trick—a harmless joke to frighten me. Is it not, Laura?"

The wistful appeal in Inez's voice and eyes would have moved any heart but Laura Burleigh's.

"No. This is real earnest. Did you ever know me to joke, Inez de Vasto?"

The calm, crinal tone in which this answer was made told Inez that there was no hope from that quarter.

"Laura Burleigh," she said, with renewed indignation, "I now see you as you are. I have been foolish—I have been blind, for I have trusted you. You have done this wile thing that you might be revenged on my dear father, who never did you any harm."

"You are wrong there, she's amiss. I don't care for revenge. It's not in my line. I prefer the concrete to the abstract," Laura Burleigh answered, coolly disengaging her dress from an intrusive hand.

"It is not for my gratification that you are here. Appeal to my brother. He is your keeper, not I."

Inez looked at Ross Burleigh, and turned away with a shiver.

"Laura," she said, passionately, "for the last time, I ask, I entreat, I implore you to save me from the power of that man!"

Laura made no answer. Inez drew herself up proudly, and trod the path with the step of an offended queen.

"He shall not keep me!" cried Burleigh.

"The soundest!" muttered Burleigh.

"He has betrayed me once, and he is trying to do it again."

The Tapuya whispered to Inez—

"I will help you, señorita."

Inez gave him a quick, eager glance.

"Can you?"

"Yes. Not an hour ago, he, as I can't help believing, tore it from me while I lay here in a state of unconsciousness."

"Then you will avenge yourself? You will help me to hunt him to death?"

Aubrey turned away in disgust. The old man's aspect was horrible as he grasped Aubrey's sleeve with his claw like fingers.

"I am not thinking of revenge, the young man answered. "but I'd give the world to be able to tear two things from Burleigh's grasp."

"These things—what are they?"

"A young girl, and The Sea of Fire. The villain has stolen them both."

"Beware, white face!" cried Antonio, his voice becoming as loud and shrill as a bird of prey deprived of its young.

"I am not thinking of revenge, the young man answered. "but I'd give the world to be able to tear two things from Burleigh's grasp."

"I'll risk it," he said. "Cut him down, Tapuya."

Aubrey steadied his rifle. The two Tapuyas moved some steps forward. Those who did not move.

"Laura—Laura, save him! For my sake, have him!"

Laura Burleigh had been standing behind one of the torch-bearers, partially hidden in the dark gloom. At Inez's appealing cry, she came forward into the circle of light.

"Inez, she said, "come to me!"

"You must not approach that vile woman!" exclaimed Aubrey, impetuously.

"I'll defend you while I've life from these demons! Remain where you are, Señora de Vasto."

"They'll kill you! Oh, Laura!" sobbed Inez, undecided.

While Aubrey's attention was divided between Inez and his foes, Juan, the Tapuya, sprang upon him and grasped the barrel of his rifle. The charge exploded harmlessly over the Indian's shoulder.

Aubrey and Juan were about equally matched in the hand-to-hand struggle that followed; but Burleigh and Vincento hastened to assist Juan, and Aubrey sank to the ground under the blows of his assailants. With a faint struggle and a fainter groan, heapsed into unconsciousness.

Burleigh motioned the Indians away, and, stooping down, proceeded to search Aubrey. He was evidently seeking for a particular object of sufficient value to preclude its being carried carelessly. He

passed over the pockets of his victim's coat, but tore away the lining of his vest. Here he found only a piece of canvas, folded flat. This was not what he wanted; but he took it. He then tore away Aubrey's collar, and revealed a slender steel chain to which hung a small pouch. With fingers trembling with eagerness, he seized it.

"The Sea of Fire!" he said, hoarsely.

"The Sea of Fire is mine!"

He raised his machete to give the unconscious man a parting blow, but Inez, with hewing bosom and flashing eyes, threw herself before him.

"You shall kill me first, monster!"

"The Tapuya has finished him," said Laura Burleigh, indifferently.

"Were there

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On the lake of Freshwater,
Ring'd about by sapphirine waves,
Panted by horses east and west,
Stood the Master with his school,
Over sail'd that land to the green,
With a voice that was a stately strain,
Line of count that low and fast
Stretch'd its undulating bar,
Wings extend'g along the rim
Of the waves, and all the world to skin,
He cast into and glinted long bay,
Full of light and splendor.

Said the Master to the youth,
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the secret of the universe,
Him the enigma, unbegan,
The Unnameable, One,
Light of all our light, the source,
Life of life, and Power of power,
As we are seeking, with a silent heart,
We are groping here to find
What the living spirit means
Of the Unknown in the seen,
What the thought which underlies
Nature's works and art of nature,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and blight, birth and death,
By past efforts strayed away,
To the secret of the soul and failing,
Of our weakness made aware,
On the threshold of our task
Let us right and guidance ask,
Let us pause in silent prayer."

Then the Master in his place
Bowed his head a little space,
And the leaves by soft air stirred,
Lapse of water and dry land,
Left the calm bosom unbroken
For that wordless prayer unspoken,
While his white, on earth, could
How to Heaven interpreted.
All the world to skin he hear
By the spirit's finer ear,
His low voice within us, thus
The All-Father heareth us,
All the world to skin we are,
With one noisy world's vain,
Not for Him our violence
Storming at the gates of sleep,
His the primal language, His
The primal language,
Even the ebbing heart was moved,
And the doubting gave consent,
With a gesture reverent,
To the master we looked,
At this master glorified,
By the light they cannot hide,
All who gazed upon him saw,
Through its veil of tender love,
How the secret of the soul was won,
But the old swell took it,
Hopeful, trusting, full of cheer,
And the love that casts out fear,
When the secret may be known,
Did the shade before him come
Off the inevitable doom,
Of the end of earth so near,
And Eternity a new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas
Rests the island of Freshwater,
But the heart of the dominion
Comes to the shore again,
Where the eyes that follow rail,
On a winter sea his sail,
Darts beyond our eye and sail,
Other lips will sing and sound
Still the laws of life expand,
Our eyes from rock and shell
Read the world's old riddle well;
But when heaven's light and bound
Rise to the sun, the world shall seek
He alone could fully speak.
And one name for everyone
Shall be uttered over and over,
By the world's old riddle well,
By the cairn a while sent
Down the cool, sea-scented air,
In all voices known to her
Nestled the world's half-moon,
Thither Love shall turn, turn,
Friendship's page uncovered there,
And the wisest reverence learn
From the Master's silent prayer.

—*Christian Union.*DAVY CROCKETT
ON THE TRACK;

ON,

The Cave of the Counterfeitors.

BY FRANK CARROLL,
AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF OGLELAND,"
"JOHN FASMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

CROCKETT'S MYSTERY.

It was truly a terrible situation in which Crockett and his companions found themselves.

Shrouded in intense darkness, ignorant of the passage leading outward through all the chambers and avenues of that infernal cavern, surrounded by desperate and merciless foes, it was indeed a position to test the heart of the most courageous, the nerves of the coolest.

But crouching there, clasping their knives in straining fingers, fearing and preparing against an attack from their foes, all the considerations of their danger did not occur to them. Their whole nerves were now on guard against the human foes, who might be stealthily approaching to destroy them.

But their leaders, Crockett and Gordon, looked deeper into the complexion of affairs. Placing themselves mentally in the position of their enemies, they perceived that it was not the policy of these men to dare by a personal attack the desperation of unseen, crouching, armed foes.

Neither would it be to the advantage of these foes to fire upon their supposed position, with the hope of wounding or slaying them in the dark.

The dash of rifles would reveal their own positions, the hunters were similarly armed, and among them was the renowned Davy Crockett, famed for the quickness and unerringness of his aim.

Any attack would be to their disadvantage. But their foemen were plunged in utter darkness, in the depths of an unknown and intricate cave. The chances were very greatly against them ever being able to extricate themselves. It would be the safest and surest plan to leave them to perish miserably for their own misery.

So Crockett resolved to himself, arguing out, point by point, an assumed case. His reasoning ended in the conviction that their enemies had already withdrawn from the chamber, leaving them to their probable terrible punishment for having ventured to invade this well concealed hiding place.

It was not alone on his self-communing that he depended for this conclusion. His trained senses had been acutely exercised during this vigil. Faint sounds, significant to him of a movement among his foes, had reached his acute hearing. Not until these sounds had for some time ceased did he pause.

"How is it, lad?" he asked in a whisper.

"No," was the reply from several of the men.

"Hold hard a minute then, and keep your eye skinned, I'm going to run a bit of a risk. Don't let a corner of the cave escape you."

A moment after there was a quick, sharp flash that, for an instant, lit up the chamber with the brightness of sunlight, very soft curve and sparkling line of the stalactite walls shining prominently out.

It revealed the speaker, standing erect in the centre of the cave, where he had

just ignited a small quantity of gunpowder with the flask in the pan from his rifle. He had hastily drawn the load before speaking, to prevent a report.

The others had obeyed his injunctions and glanced hasty round the chamber during the instantaneous illumination.

Not a man beyond their own party was in sight. Their foes had disappeared.

"Just as I expected," spoke the voice of Crockett, from the darkness, after he had elicited this information. "I know the wolfish rascals don't come to the fight with us. They think we'll never get out of this, or if we do that they can pick us off as soon as we strike the edge of the daylight. I'll bet they're in ambush ahead, waiting to see if we're like to show our nose."

"Which there don't seem much chance of our doing," said Baldwin. "We're in a mighty tight box. However, we've got to pass another opening that's kind of dark at the sides, and they might have picked on that as their ambuscade. It's getting to be my notion, though, that they're afraid we're too strong for them. You see there's only about four sound men left in their party, while we've got a dozen. I pose, too, that they fancy we're caged for good. They played as a cat trick, but if anybody's sold it ain't D. Crockett and Company. We're three cootskins ahead of their rabbit hole. I've a reckoning that they've been to their front door and have seed the darks on guard, and that they'll be for gathering up their traps and stepping out after sundown."

"You are very likely right," said Gordon. "Just so. That's the rule of logic I go by, and I never found it yet to go back on me. Now do you suppose I come into this eternal hole without being certain I was right?"

"You could not have prepared for such a chance as this," said Gordon.

"We'll see if I wasn't ready for everything," was the reply. "It's a long and a slow path we've got to follow, lad, but if I don't lead you straight to daylight, then say that old Davy never shot a bar and never tried a moon. You can't see me but you can hear me, and I want you to follow my voice."

It was indeed as he said, a slow progress. Step by step, foot by foot, they proceeded, minutes seeming to pass between every footstep, not a step being taken until his voice in the advance directed them onward.

In the narrow passages, whose directions they could tell by feeling the walls, they moved more rapidly. But across the large chamber their progress was extremely slow.

It was by no process of feeling the walls that led them onward. Straight across the middle of the floor he passed, yet, to their infinite surprise, never failed to strike the avenue on the opposite side.

They could not repress their astonishment at a sagacity that seemed the result of magic, rather than of ordinary human intelligence. Crockett was questioned as to how he produced this marvellous result, but he only answered:

"Just keep your eyes skinned, and a sharp lookout for snags. This is what devils try to do with us."

"We'll see if I don't know what deviltry they're up to, and I only want you all to keep wide awake."

For a full hour, which seemed almost a day to those engaged in it, they kept on following blindly the directing voice of their leader, with a hope, that was rapidly becoming assurance, of delivery.

The others joined eagerly in this request, anxious for an explanation of the mystery that had so completely puzzled them.

"Well, boys," said the hunter, with a good-humored smile, as he leaned upon his rifle and looked into the circle of eager faces. "I reckon as you'd have seen into it long ago. It's an old trick and a simple one, but it has certainly turned out a good one. Maybe you dismember the clicking and dropping which you heard when we were away back yonder?"

"I remember it well," said Baldwin, "but did not dream that you had anything to do with it. You couldn't tell me what it was. I suppose you are going to tell us."

"You are a man of your word, Davy," said Baldwin. "But I won't be settled in a part of the job. But I don't know what deviltry they're up to, and I only want you all to keep wide awake."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PALE SYLVIA.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

She was not pale Sylvia when this story of hers begins. She had a color that would have been at once the delight and the despair of a painter. Ray Croydon, who was a painter every inch, if an unsuccessful one, used to say that her cheek was like nothing but a velvet rose-leaf against the light; and, making allowance for a lover's exaggeration, his simile was not far out of the way.

For Ray was her lover; not quite her betrothed, for, though Sylvia consented, her father refused, and Sylvia would not disobey him even for Ray's sake. "I cannot bind myself to marry you against my father's will," she said. "I can only promise never to marry any other, and, if you care enough for me to wait, you must be content—perforce."

It was not that Colonel Darchester disliked Ray; on the contrary, the young fellow was a favorite with him. If only he had been Fortune's favorite, too! For the colonel, himself a poor man, would not give to another yet poorer his only child, the very apple of his eye. But, if a prudent father, he was a kind one, too, and set his requirements at the very lowest mark consistent with any degree of worldly wisdom. "Let Ray show me that he is sure of bread-and-cheese, and I will provide the wedding-cake," he said, pinching Sylvia's cheek, the rose-leaf cheek, as lovely in his eyes as in those of her lover himself.

If one could but draw on the bank of ambition, and pare out colored canvas into so many yards of bank-notes, it would not have been long to wait. Ray painted and dreamed of great things in the future, and forgot how, meanwhile, the present was slipping away, day by day, till all at once he beheld himself that a year had passed since Colonel Darchester's ultimatum had been spoken. A whole year! And what had he to show for it that would bring Sylvia any the nearer? The conviction suddenly struck cold to his heart that he should never win her thus. "The choice is between Sylvia and fame," he said to himself—it is so natural for every young aspirant to believe that fame is his for the choosing! The brush dropped from his fingers, he bent his face in his hands, and kept it hidden there for many moments. When he raised it again it was very pale, and almost stern; yet it was kindled by some steady, inner light. "I choose Sylvia!" he said. He pushed his palette aside, and, with one brief, resolute glance at the unfinished canvas, turned it to the wall. Then he left the studio, and went straight to a merchant, an old friend of his father's.

"You offered me a place in China the other day," he said abruptly; "if you will give it to me now, I will take it." So the thing was done. Colonel Darchester, on learning it, applauded the young man's resolution. "China is a long look ahead; but, at the worst, it is nearer than the studio—no offence to you, Ray," he said, with a smile.

And Sylvia? Ah, to Sylvia it seemed indeed a long, long outlook. In spite of all that hung on the journey, she could almost have wished that Ray had remained in the studio, where he would not, at least, have been lost to sight and hearing; the present might be wasted time, perhaps, but it was very sweet to her, and she had more faith than Ray in the future's chances. But, of all this, she breathed not a word to him; and when, holding her hands, and searching her face for some comfort, he said, "Sylvia, I shall come back to claim you in a year or two—you will wait for me till then?" it was with a smile that she answered—

"Come back in one year or twenty, Ray, you will find me as you left me. I will never be the wife of any other."

And, with that, the last good-bye was said, and Ray Croydon sailed in search of the fortune he fancied was waiting for him on the other side of the world. And, on this side, everything went on the same. Ray was gone, to be sure; but did the sun rise and set any the less for that? did the butcher and the baker forget to come, or people cease to eat and drink, because an unsuccessful artist had turned his canvases to the wall, and, for love's sake, abandoned all he loved? No, nobody fasted for Ray, nobody, perhaps, after a little, remembered even that there was a Ray to fast for—nobody but Sylvia.

As for Colonel Darchester, he assuredly did not fast. He was sorry for the young man; but, to tell the truth, he was not sorry to have him gone. He had listened with a quiet smile, half-pitying, half-amused, to Ray's talk of "a year or two," for, being considerably older, and a good deal wiser, he realized better than all that a China-made fortune meant. "All this a

"My pale face!" he said to himself. "Long before Ray finds his apple ripe for picking, they will both have forgotten this childish nonsense." To be sure, the colonel did not know of Sylvia's parting pledge; but, had he known, it is to be feared he would not have made much account of it. He had faith enough in Sylvia, but not in her age. How was eighteen to know its own heart?

One makes allowances for friends in another hemisphere; but, still, one does expect to hear from them finally. But, from the time when Ray Croydon said his good-bye to her, Sylvia never had a word from him—never one word, although she heard casually, from other sources, that he had arrived safely, and entered on the post assigned him. That was all; little enough; yet, but for that, he might have been lost, dead, for anything Sylvia knew. It was all; but, coupled with his silence, it was more than enough. Yet, whatever of wonder, of doubt or pain, might have been in Sylvia's heart, she breathed it to no mortal ear. Only, after awhile, she ceased to write those poor little letters where so much love and trust had been wasted, and silently banished all token of him from the daily life. It was no part of her father's purpose to recall him, so Ray's name was never spoken, now, between those two, to whom it had been as familiar as each other.

But one day Colonel Darchester came home with a preoccupied, troubled air. His eyes followed Sylvia with a wistful glance, that shamed while seeking hers. She looked up, and, meeting her father's gaze, came and stood beside him, laying her hand on his shoulder—

"You have something to tell me of Ray Croydon, father," she said, in a low voice. How had she read his secret, he wondered, as he looked up fondly in the face bending over him—such a transparent face as it looked in the flickering firelight? Why had he never seen the change before? A sudden pang of dread changed the current of his thoughts. Was this his blushing, as that unpractical young artist had called her in the foolish, by-gone time? Ah, but was it wholly by-gone? Could it be that all this while Sylvia had kept it in

her heart that her silence had not meant indifference? The pressure of Sylvia's fingers recalled him from his reverie; hesitatingly, in this new fear, he told his news.

It was not such as would admit of much preparation; simply that Ray Croydon was gone—why, or where, no one knew or could discover; there was the bare fact, and nothing beyond.

Sylvia heard it with a calmness that, but a little before, would have satisfied her father; but now an anxiety had arisen in his mind which would have its way. And by he returned to the subject.

"Sylvia," he said, abruptly, "it is more than two years since—since all that happened."

Sylvia bowed her head, but made no other answer.

"Two years is a long time," continued her father, "especially at your age. My child, I cannot be with you always. If I could know that there was some one to take my place when I am gone." Still Sylvia did not speak, and he resumed:

"You know whom I mean. Sylvia, you know that John Hastings wants you for his wife, and that I would gladly give you to him; for, apart from his fortune and position, he is all that I could desire for your husband."

"Do not ask me, father!" cried Sylvia, breaking, in a moment, from that devout calm. "If Ray Croydon is dead, I shall never have any husband in this world!"

"And—if he is false?" said her father.

Sylvia did not answer for an instant.

"Then I shall never have one—anywhere," she said at length, slowly, and there was something in her face that steeled the words her father had been about to speak.

There was prophecy, it seemed, in Colonel Darchester's speech. It was not very long after this that he fell ill, and, going from worse to worse, soon both knew that in a little while Sylvia would be all alone—that he would never rise from his sick-bed again. It was almost like her own death sentence, for these two had ever had such a love for each other as nothing could come between. Now that their hours together were numbered, she would not resign one of them night and day tending him with that quieting calm which a breaking heart knows how to counterfeit for love's sake. But one midnight, when he seemed sleeping, and there was nothing but the feeble glimmer of the watch lamp to see the silent tears kept back from the daylight, lest they should trouble him, she saw his eyes open and fix on her face.

"Don't cry like that, child," he said, feebly; "you make it harder for me—remembering the harm I have done you."

Sylvia looked at him anxiously, fearing lest his mind was beginning to wander.

"No," he said, answering her look. "It is on my conscience—Sylvia, Ray never wrote to you, because I made him promise—"

"Father!" cried Sylvia, springing up with a sudden, sharp well as of intolerable pain; then, seeing her agitation reflected in the sick man's face, she forced herself into quiet, and, sitting down by him, took his hand and laid it against her cheek with a fond, soothing gesture. He gave an uneasy sigh, and resumed, after a little:

"I put him on his honor to hold no communication with you until he could show himself prepared to meet my conditions. You were such a child—I thought you would forget him and do better. I wanted you to have your chance, Sylvia," he added, almost pleadingly.

"Poor father! you did it for the best," said Sylvia, softly stroking the wasted hand in hers.

"God knows—but it was ill done, Sylvia, and he sighed again, restlessly.

"Ill done, truly! Sylvia's heart could not but echo it when, a little later, Colonel Darchester lay in his grave, and she was all alone. Her father was gone, and Ray was gone, whom he might have left a strong stay for her desolation, but whom he had himself taken from her. Yet, Sylvia cast no reproach on his memory, not even in that trying hour when she took, from the place he had indicated, the little bundle of letters, with their unbroken seals, just as she had given them to him. She opened one of them, but as her eye by chance fell on the words, "I will wait for you, Ray, all my life if need be," she closed it again hastily; she could not bear to recall all that might have been hers, and never could be now; she thought, with a sudden, passionate yearning for death, that she was barely twenty, and that that lifetime's waiting might be a very long one; she looked shudderingly along the whole blank stretch of years, with no love to shorten them.

"My pale face!" said Sylvia, with a quick, incredulous glance.

"Your pale face!" echoed Ray, taking her hands, and looking down at her with the same tender, eager eyes that had searched her at their long-ago parting.

"My darling! my beautiful white rose, more beautiful even than the blushing rose I left!" Sweetest cheek that has grown pale with watching for me—yes, for me—tell me so—tell me so, Sylvia!"

"Is it true?" was all Sylvia could say. "Oh, Ray, is it true?" Her senses seemed to fail for very happiness; she hardly heard the passionate words he poured into her ears. "Oh," she said, at last, clasping her hands, and laughing that she might not cry, "yes, we will open our studio now! Oh, we shall make our way—we have each other; we can work!"

"And would you really come to a good-for-nothing without penny—come to me, and work for him, Sylvia?" said Ray.

"Would I?" said Sylvia, and voice and eyes supplied any want of words.

"And you shall come!" cried Ray, with an exultant ring in his tone; "yes, but to do nothing harder than look at me and talk to me! I told you of my misfortune, Sylvia, but not of my fortune. That was the beginning of luck for me. I am not a 'Monte Cristo,'" he went on, jestingly, perhaps in his turn to cover some emotion, "but still I have heaped up treasures enough in my wanderings, to make future work a labor of love."

"But, Ray," said Sylvia, amazed, "why have you kept it from me all this while?"

Ray's dark cheek reddened a little. "I am ashamed to own my weakness," he said, "but, Sylvia, a life that is turned violent out of its natural bent is very apt to get permanently warped. In those years when I was plodding through an uncongenial task, without one word to encourage me, I kept brooding over all I had given up; and when the prospect looked just as dark, month after month, I said to myself, with a despairing sort of pride, that, if it were to my life's end, I would never see Sylvia again till I could satisfy her prudence—"

"Ray!" cried Sylvia, in incredulous reproof.

"I know, Sylvia, it was shamefully unjust, but not, perhaps, wholly unnatural. Well, I came home, and, for the first moment, forgot everything, with your hands in mine. But then your manner grew so constrained, so cold—"

"Because of yours."

"Was it that? Yes, I suppose so; but I saw everything wrong, and I kept wait-

ing for some sign from you. Last night you brought back the old time so completely, it was too much for me."

"Thank Heaven!" said Sylvia, softly. So the wrong was righted, and love rather than some chance, perhaps, less rarely than some would have us believe. The studio was reopened, not with Miss Rivers's dark eyes for inspiration, though, but a lovely pale face, which, as Ray's pictures are now known, Fortune having lavished her smiles on him as soon as he was in no more need of them, may often be traced on the canvas of the artist, who is as unconsciously apt as most other artists to make a model of the face he loves best.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

"Care for a felon—The penitentiary."

"The motto of the washerwoman—"

"Are you fond of tongue, sir?" "I was always fond of tongue, madam, and I like it still."

A gentleman recently refused to celebrate his silver wedding on the ground that he was "not yet reduced to beggary."

"It is said that two cows are the current market value of a woman in Eastern Africa. Here it often requires but one calf to obtain a charming bride."

A new freak of fashion consists of birth announcement-cards. They are exceedingly small, and the announcement reads: "Compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Blank, and son or daughter, as the case may be. February 10, 3 P. M."

Fourteen fathers in Quincy, Ill., have signed an agreement not to permit their daughters to take music-lessons until the young women know how to bake.

At a recent political meeting, a young Demosthenes, being called upon to speak, began by expressing his thanks for having been "deominated" for that duty. The laughter which followed effectively dried up the flow of eloquence.

A fortune-telling swindler was arrested in Baltimore recently, and at the examination one witness stated that she had paid the prisoner at various times sums amounting to \$600 "to have her husband's affection restored."

BENJAMIN HOWARD, the millionaire match-manufacturer, of New York, convicted of having counterfeited United States internal revenue stamps, has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

GALVANISM was discovered by a man named Swammerdam, 130 years before Galvani called attention to it. The world, however, will not willingly change the name in order to give him the honor he longs to him. Swammerdamism would be awful.

One of the library servants at a London club being short of funds sat down one night and wrote notes on club stamped paper to prominent tradesmen about the city, requesting small loans, signing the name of the treasurer. He got over £50, and subsequently ten years in jail.

The attachment of some ladies to their lap-dog amounts, in some instances, to infatuation. We have heard of a lap-dog biting a piece out of a male visitor's leg, her mistress thus expressing her compassion: "Poor little creature! I hope it will not make him sick!"

A French physician has discovered that the peculiar odor of Russia leather has a very beneficial effect upon weak lungs, and he advises consumptive persons to repose upon pillows covered with that material. Pocket-book makers can now get rid of their old stocks.

Only \$1,000,000 are wanted to insure the carrying out of the Centennial. There are 8,000,000 families in the United States, so it would be only half a dollar to each, and Uncle Sam better pay it for them in the lump.

A Danbury lady recently cast a gloom over a funeral party by exclaiming, in an excited tone, "I declare, I don't enjoy the funeral one bit!" The trouble was that she was a member of a female society for whom no wreath badges had been provided.

A man employed in a paper mill at Burnside, New York, was recently caught by his clothing in a shaft revolving 300 times per minute. He was carried about the shaft several times, when his clothing parted, and he was hurled into a bin of pulp-ash.

Admirable advice!" said Ray, mockingly. "Shall we set the wedding-bells ringing?" Sylvia—she broke off suddenly—"why do you say such a thing as that to me? You must know that the only face I ever wanted for inspiration is the face I am looking at now!"

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JAMIE.

(THE BOY VIOLINIST OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.)

Two winter, star-like eyes,
A babyish mouth and chin,
Brows of shining, wavy hair,
From the sun never seen;
Night after night, in the grand sunlight,
He shows his magical love,
And the crowd before him, wild with delight,
Are always there to see him.
He fairly trembled with glee.

Dear little strummed hands,
Just right for momma's fond kiss,
To and fro they glancing go,
And never miss;

An emoji in a chair,
In frequent showers
Are raised at the first frost;
And he drops the bow he has held for hours
With a gesture sweet;

And gathers them up with childish glee,
As if he were the company;
While they the cheer repeat.

From whence his marvelous skill?
No one taught him a word;
Who will hear him if he should tell?
With his airy-spirit career,

The angel was now in skating the gait,
And slides the silver bow;

And his own wings filled with the swelling strain,
The angel was now in skating the earth,

And the very first sound that awoke in his brain,
From the hour of his birth,

Were echoes from Edén's plain!

And the angel said it will never do,
We must call him back again,
But their wills and ways could not break through

To the secret heart of the stars;

Not right after night, in the grand sunlight,
He swept the quivering strings;

And no one heard at the tunnel's height,

The song of angels, and the harps,

And no one thought as the last strain fell,
Dying away like a far-fewell.

It was Jamie's closing night.

Aleep on his pillow he lay,
In the loving air of home,
When, trusting his arms in a pleading way,
He crept silent to the father, said,

He is mine; I am his, the father said,

And returned for every word

"Make room for a little fellow."

Alas! and the angels heard,
And the stars were hidden
Over the quiet breast;

And the church fare had taken its place,

Where the Courts of Heaven are hidden,

And the harps are pearl and golden,

And the harpers play at the King's request.

MIRIAM KARL.

Legends of the Revolution.

BY ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

The hour hand on the great Dial of the Universe is swiftly approaching the close of the first century of our national existence.

Soon we shall hear the heavy peal of the clock of Destiny announcing that the Day and the Hour have come. And then, shall we not also hear a response from a thousand trumpets, and from ten thousands of voices? For it will be the Hundredth Birthday of a Nation of Freemen!

Sound then, ye Trumpets! Peal on, ye Cannon! And let the voice of thanks, giving and praise, and the silver tones of the church-bells, and the solemn ocean music of the organ also ascend to God on high!

And in these few intervening hours of waiting, what can be more fitting for us than to recall some of the stirring and patriotic memories of that great Revolution and struggle, which gave our Nation a right to be—which planted it as a mighty Tree of Freedom among the ancient forests of superstition and tyranny, a Tree which shall overshadow the whole earth!

Such incidents and legends will enable us better to realize the severity of the seven years' struggle through which our Fathers pulled their burdened and conquered! And, in recalling these scenes, where could we begin with greater propriety than with the following well-authenticated legend of

THE ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

It was during that gloomy period of the war when the American army held West Point as the palladium of its hope, that a gentleman mounted on a large and powerful horse might have been seen traversing one of the winding roads in the vicinity of the fortress.

It was past the hour of noon when he entered the yard in front of a handsome stone mansion, and cantering up to the porch prepared to dismount.

He had scarcely reached the ground, when the owner of the mansion rushed from the door and received him with the warmest demonstrations of admiration and respect.

"You are early, my dear general," said he, "but I am thankful for it, for I shall have the more of your instructive and pleasant society."

"Yes," replied his visitor, who had the courtly manners of a gentleman of the old school, "I found that I could as easily reach here by three o'clock, and you would not remember, moreover, Mr. Bullion, that I am a soldier, and used to soldier's fare. Besides, it hardly becomes me to be feasting when so many of our poor veterans are almost starving."

"No, of course not. And yet nothing, in my opinion, could be too good for you, general. Without you, we should all go at once to ruin."

"Thank you for your good opinion," replied his visitor, "but I have been brought up in no religion—a school, to believe that a good cause depends upon the life of any man. What the Eternal Father wills to triumph, will triumph—in spite of men or devils—if we all do our duty."

While this conversation was in progress, the horse had been hitched to a post, and the two gentlemen had entered the parlor of the mansion. The host then left the room to order dinner.

After his return, the two sat conversing upon various matters until word came that dinner was ready. The visitor, whom doubtless our readers have already surmised to be Washington, appeared to be in a very composed and affable mood, though somewhat more inclined to lapse into that cold dignity of which much had been unduly said, than was usual with him on such informal and friendly occasions. The manner of his host, however, seemed unconsciously constrained and embarrassed. He asked questions, then jumped up and went to the window without waiting for an answer, and manifested through that something had occurred to make him excited and nervous.

When they entered the dining-room and took their seats alone at the table, all of Mr. Bullion's family being absent, as he avowed, on a visit to Washington, for the first time, gave a slight start.

"It is not very early for green peas, my friend?" he said, in a somewhat nervous tone.

"Yes—I believe—it is," stammered his host. "But," and he recovered himself with a strong effort, "I had heard that your Excellency was particularly fond of

them, and had them prepared down the river."

"They are very nice when good; but sometimes when brought from a distance, say as far as New York," this latter was said with a slight emphasis—"they lose their freshness. Why even these have a peculiar look about them—as if they were not quite wholesome." And Washington bent a penetrating look upon the face of his host, which was now as white as the table-cloth.

"I—think—your—Excellency—will—

find—them—very—fresh—indeed," gasped out his entertainer.

"It may be, but in order to keep my brain in good condition, I have to be very careful of what I eat," replied Washington.

"Here, Carlo, do you like green peas?" and he called to a little dog that was playing about the room.

The dog speedily dispatched two or three spoonfuls of the peas, which Washington put on a plate for him. Then he lay down, gave a short, sharp bark, and rolled over on his side, either dead or in a stupor.

"I do not think those peas are suitable to be put before a guest," said Washington, sternly. "Mr. Bullion, you are a traitor—and would be also a murderer!"

"Forgive me!" cried the detected Tory, sinking on his knees, as Washington rose, and put his hand on his sword.

"Justice is for traitors and murderers, not forgiveness. Prepare at once to accompany me to headquarters."

"No—leave not this room!" continued Washington, seizing him by the collar, as his false host was about passing to the door.

"I—wish—to—get—my—hat—and—a—few—clothes."

"Order them, then, to be brought to you. I shall not trust you out of my sight until we reach the Fort. And beware—if you attempt to escape, I will kill you on the spot. But you shall have a fair trial—I will not condemn you; the laws of your country shall judge you."

The Tory glanced anxiously out of the window. Suddenly his eyes lighted up; his whole demeanor altered. He laughed aloud.

"Would not your Excellency as leave go to New York with me, as have me go to West Point with you?" cried he, joyously.

"Well, now, it seems to me one of the very best jokes in the world—look there!" and he pointed through the window to the laws before the mansion.

Washington looked, and beheld the red coats of a party of British dragoons, who had just dismounted, and were preparing to surround the house.

"You are my prisoner, general," exclaimed Mr. Bullion triumphantly; "and the war is over!"

Washington smiled coldly. He did not seem at all discomposed—neither did he make any effort to escape.

At this moment the Captain and Lieutenant of the Dragoons entered the room.

"Glad to see you, gentlemen," cried the Tory. "You are early, but as things have turned out, not a moment too soon. There is your man—pointing to Washington—and all our fortunes are made."

But the officers stirred not.

"Arrest that double-dyed traitor!" thundered Washington; "and take him to headquarters."

"Why—why—what—do you mean?" cried the Tory, his face blanching again, as the Captain of Dragoons laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

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